G.I. JOE

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52 BIG PAGES

G.I. Joe

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No. 7
JANUARY

The Furlough That Wasn't
NINETY-DAY WONDER

The Fable That Won A Battle
The ROUT AT SUGAR CREEK

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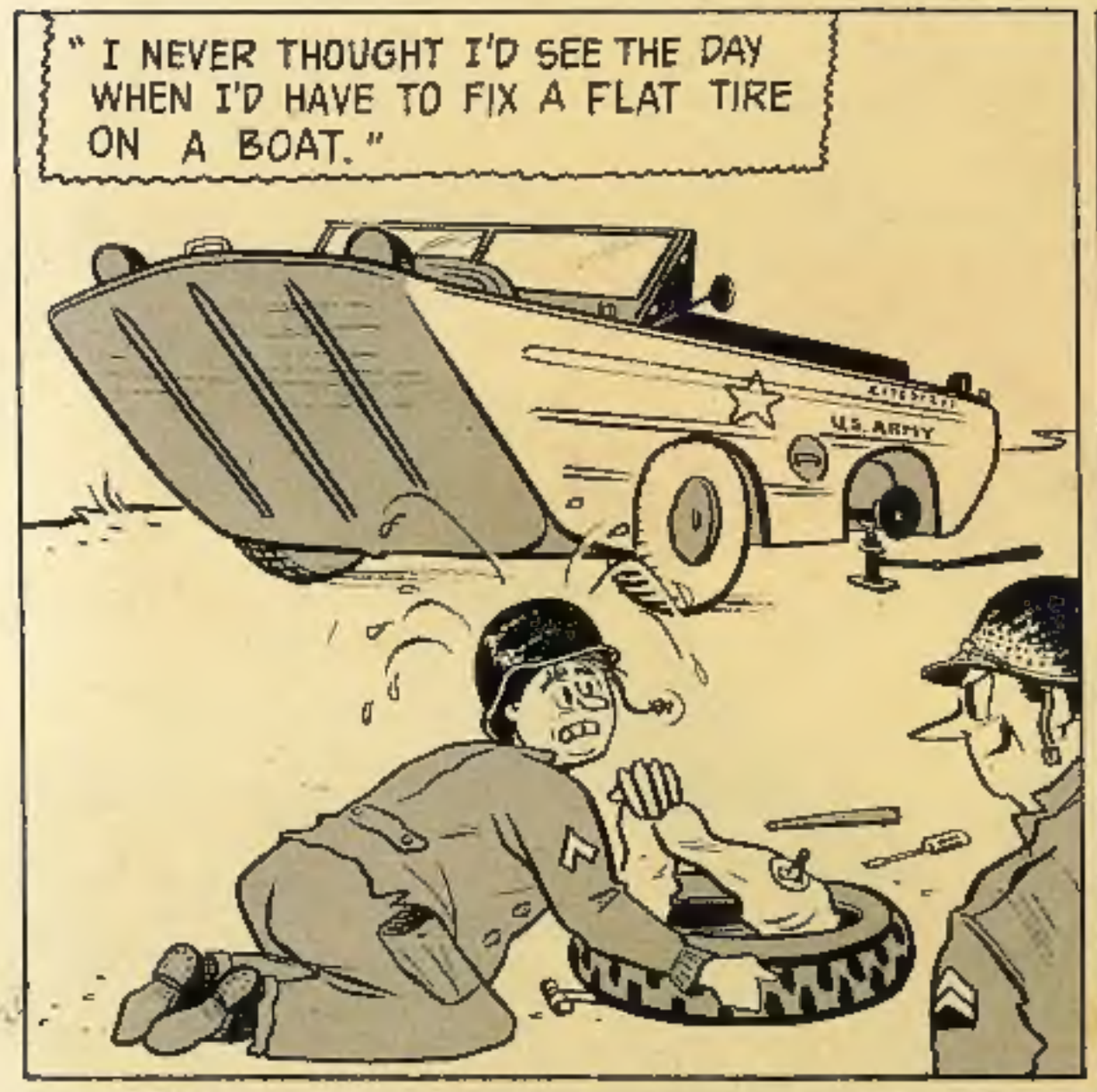
Joe Turns Fly-boy in
SAGA OF A B-26

ARMY CHUCKLES



Miss Bebe II
1 ROUND-THE-WORLD NON-STOP FLIGHT
"I HAVEN'T YET DETERMINED HOW FAR OFF COURSE WE ARE, BUT I'M CERTAIN WE'RE OVER CIVILIZED TERRITORY."

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G.I. Joe in SAGA OF A B-26

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE AIR WAR OVER KOREA, AND THE BOYS OF OUR AIR FORCE. THE DOUGHBOYS CALL THEM "FLY-BOYS," "HOLLYWOOD HOT-SHOTS" AND "BUS-DRIVERS," BUT "BAKER" COMPANY IS ONE OUTFIT THAT WILL NEVER RIDE THE AIR FORCE AGAIN. FOR TO THEM, THE "MISSISSIPPI FLOOD" WAS MORE THAN A BATTERED B-26! AS OUR STORY OPENS WE SEE THE B-26 ***MISSISSIPPI FLOOD*** HEADING FOR HOME BASE AFTER A TERRIBLE SKIRMISH. ONLY TWO MEN ARE ALIVE IN THE CRAFT... CAPTAIN ARTY FLOOD AND HIS KID-BROTHER, LIEUTENANT JIMMY FLOOD...

"THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD"

JIMMIE... I TOLD YOU TO JUMP WITH THE OTHERS... (COUGH) AND THAT... WAS AN ***ORDER!*** (COUGH)

SO, COURT-MARTIAL ME! BUT FIRST I'M TAKIN' THIS BABY DOWN...

(COUGH) YOU CRAZY KID! YOU'LL NEVER GET THIS PLANE DOWN... SHE'S SHOT TO PIECES — OHHHHHH...

EASY, ART... EASY! DON'T TRY TO TALK! THIS OLD CRATE HAS MORE MONEY THAN A BARREL-FULL OF JETS! SHE'LL TAKE US HOME...

YOU'RE A GOOD KID, JIMMIE! WE'LL MAKE IT! (COUGH) I ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE THE ***HOTTEST PILOT IN THE SKY!***

THERE YOU GO-- KIDDIN' ME AGAIN, ARTY! EVER SINCE WE WENT TO CADETS TOGETHER, YOU USED TO SAY, "JIMMIE, YOU COULD FLY A DESK RIGHT OUT OF THE ***PENTAGON!***"

YEAH—BUT WE HAD PLENTY OF LAUGHS, EH, ARTY? "THE FLYING FLOODS" THEY USED TO CALL US... ALWAYS TOGETHER IN THE SAME OLD CRATE! REMEMBER HOW SHE CARRIED US ALL OVER THE PACIFIC? ***WHAT A SHOW!***

ALL OVER THE SOUTH PACIFIC... YOU, ME AND THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD! WE CAN'T LET A LITTLE SHRAPNEL STOP US NOW!

BUT EVEN UNDER JIMMIE FLOOD'S EXPERT HANDS THE CRIPPLED PLANE SINKS LOWER AND LOWER...

I SEE A CLEARING AHEAD, ART! I'LL HAVE TO STRETCH THE GLIDE PATH... BUT I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT... ***HOLD ON!***

AND AT THE CLEARING AHEAD, AN AMERICAN PATROL LISTENS GRIMLY TO THE FALTERING ENGINES OVERHEAD...

IT'S ONE OF OURS, ALL RIGHT, SARGE! A BOMBER, AND IT SOUNDS LIKE ONE ENGINE IS OUT!

YEAH, JOE... HE'S PROBABLY STRETCHIN' FOR A CLEARING!

THERE SHE IS! CLIPPIN' TREE TOPS!

LUCKY THAT HOLLYWOOD HOT-SHOT DIDN'T PLUNK DOWN RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

WELL, SHE MADE IT, ART! THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD DIDN'T LET US DOWN! ART, DO YOU HEAR ME?

I SAID WE... ART! NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE DEAD! — YOU CAN'T!

NOT ART! NOT ART!

HI THERE, FLY-BOY! WHAT'SA MATTER WITH YOUR BUS?

LAY OFF, SARGE, THE GUY LOOKS IN A BAD WAY!

FLY-BOYS, EH? BUS DRIVERS! HOLLYWOOD HEROES! YOU LOUSY SLOGGERS! YOU THINK IT'S A PICNIC, DON'T YOU? WELL LOOK IN THERE! LOOK INSIDE AND SEE WHAT A PICNIC REALLY LOOKS LIKE!

GEE, I'M... SORRY, LOOTENANT... I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHIN'... ONLY KIDDIN'...

YEAH, KIDDING! WELL, IF IT'S SO FUNNY, MAKE HIM LAUGH! GO AHEAD... MAKE MY DEAD BROTHER LAUGH!

EASY, LIEUTENANT, EASY...

TWO GUYS IN THERE... ENGINEER AND PILOT... BOTH DEAD!

WHY WASN'T IT *ME* THAT GOT KILLED 'STEAD OF *HIM*... WHY?

HEY, X-RAY, YOU BETTER GIVE THE LOOTENANT A SHOT, AND FIX UP THOSE SHRAPNEL WOUNDS!

JUST FLESH NICKS, LOOTENANT! YOU'LL BE OKAY!

HEY, YOU GUYS! THE COLONEL SENT ME OUT FROM BATTALION HEADQUARTERS TO PICK UP THAT BOMBER CREW! LET'S GO!

I CAN'T LEAVE HIM LIKE THAT... I CAN'T...

GO AHEAD, LOOTENANT... I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHIN'!

COME ON, LOOTENANT, THE COLONEL'S WAITIN'!

GOSH, THAT'S TOUGH TO SEE YOUR OWN BROTHER GET IT!

IT'S TOUGH TO SEE ANYONE GET IT... C'MON, SARGE! LET'S GO!

ONLY ONE SURVIVOR, COLONEL, THE CO-PILOT... LOOTENANT JAMES FLOOD! HE'S WAITIN' OUTSIDE!

ALL RIGHT, PRIVATE. I WANT MOTOR POOL MECHANICS TO GET TO WORK ON THAT SHIP RIGHT AWAY... GET IT INTO SHAPE TO FLY! AND SHOW THE LIEUTENANT IN!

LIEUTENANT FLOOD REPORTING AS ORDERED, SIR!

AT EASE, LIEUTENANT! I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOU LOSING YOUR SHIPMATES, BUT THAT'S WAR!

YES, SIR... THAT'S WAR!

NOW, FLOOD, I KNOW YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO YOUR AIRDROME AND REPORT, BUT THERE'S AN EMERGENCY SITUATION HERE, AND I'M GOING TO COMMANDEER BOTH YOU AND YOUR SHIP FOR A *MISSION!*

NOW THE REDS ARE HOLDING THIS ENTIRE SECTION BY MEANS OF ONE ARTILLERY BATTERY, PINNING OUR ADVANCE DOWN! BOTH STRATEGIC AND TACTICAL AIR UNITS IN OUR AREA ARE TIED UP WITH EMERGENCY ACTION TO THE WEST! BUT YOUR BOMBER IS AVAILABLE!

NO, COLONEL... ***I WON'T FLY!***

YOU'RE UNDER MY COMMAND, FLOOD! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT I CAN DO TO YOU FOR THAT STATEMENT?

COLONEL MacREADY...I'LL ***NEVER FLY AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!*** MY BROTHER JUST DIED NEXT TO ME IN THAT PILOT'S SEAT! I'LL ***NEVER*** SIT IN ONE AGAIN!

I SEE...YOUR BROTHER..ALL RIGHT, FLOOD...I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL... BUT WE'RE SOLDIERS! WE CAN'T HAVE FEELINGS NOW LIKE ***OTHER PEOPLE!***

YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL? ***HOW*** CAN YOU?

I KNOW YOUR TYPE... OLD RAMROD ARMY MAN... ***WAR*** IS YOUR ***BUSINESS!*** WHAT DO YOU KNOW OR CARE ABOUT FEELINGS, YOU OLD HYPOCRITE!

GO AHEAD, SON, GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM! YOU LOST YOUR BROTHER... AND NOW YOU SEE WAR IN ALL ITS HORRIBLE UGLINESS... PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME!

AND YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ME! I AM AS TOUGH AND HARD AND RAMROD AS YOU SAY! THEY CALL ME "BOOT HILL," DID YOU KNOW THAT? "BOOT HILL" THE GUY ***WITHOUT A FEELING IN HIS WHOLE BODY!*** AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY!

IT WAS IN NORTH AFRICA... I WAS A MAJOR THEN! MY SON GERALD HAD JUST BEEN SENT TO MY OUTFIT FROM THE STATES AS A REPLACEMENT... A BRAND NEW SECOND LIEUTENANT... AND I WAS PLEASED AS PUNCH! MY OWN KID, **MY ONLY ONE!** IN **MY OUTFIT** UNDER ME!

THE DAY AFTER HE ARRIVED THERE WAS ACTION... BIG ACTION! GERALD WAS ONE OF THE **FIRST** TO GET IT! HE NEVER EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO FIRE...

I SAW HIM GET IT, BUT **I COULDN'T EVEN STOP!** WE HAD FLEEING NAZIS IN FRONT OF US AND WE HAD TO GET THEM! AFTER THAT THEY SAID I WAS TOUGH AS NAILS... OLD "BOOT HILL" MacREADY! BUT NOBODY SAW "BOOT HILL" THAT NIGHT WHEN HE CRIED FOR HIS SON!

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, SIR, BUT YOU SAID TO LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS THAT BOMBER WAS PATCHED UP! WELL, SHE AIN'T TIP-TOP BUT SHE'LL FLY AGAIN!

THANK YOU, PRIVATE!

THAT'S THE STORY, FLOOD! YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR OWN HQ, BUT DON'T YOU FLIERS FORGET THAT A LOT OF SOLDIERS WILL **DIE** TOMORROW BECAUSE A **HOT PILOT** GAVE UP!

THAT— THAT'S WHAT MY BROTHER SAID BEFORE HE DIED!

GOSH, COLONEL, ARTY'D SURE BE SORE IF HE SAW US JAWIN' AWAY HERE WHEN THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD IS WAITIN' WITH A **WAR** TO FIGHT!

GO AHEAD, KID — DO HIM PROUD!

AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

OKAY, YOU GUYS, YOU CREW FOR ME! WE'LL SHOW THOSE BABIES HOW TO *REALLY* FIGHT A WAR!

"THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD"

SCREECH!

WITH MULVANEY ASSISTING AT THE CONTROLS, 2ED McCRACKEN AS BOMBARDIER, "SKI" AND ROTHBLATT AT WAIST-GUNS AND JOE RIDING "TAIL-END CHARLEY," THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD IS ONCE MORE ALOFT.

LOOTENANT, WE'RE PRACTICALLY DOWN THEIR THROATS NOW!

NO... A LITTLE CLOSER! BOMBARDIER, *STAND BY!*

LIKE A JACKRABBIT ON A SKI-SLIDE, THE B-26 MOVES DOWN INTO POINT BLANK BOMBING RANGE. THEN THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN AND DEATH RAINS OUT THROUGH THE BOMB BAYS...

OH, MAMA! *RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!*

WITH THE BATTERY COMPLETELY DESTROYED, OUR BOYS MOVE IN FOR EASY VICTORY. SOME TIME LATER IN THAT SAME WOODED SECTION BEHIND THE LINES NEAR THE BATTALION HEADQUARTERS...

HEY, SARGE, LOOK! SEE THAT PLANE WAGGLIN' ITS WINGS OVER THERE? THEY SAY A PILOT NAMED ***FLOOD*** ALWAYS DOES THAT WHEN HE PASSES OVER SOME GRAVES THERE. GOT A REPUTATION AS THE ***HOTTEST GUY IN THE SKY!***

YEAH?

YOU KNOW, JOE, I COULD NEVER FIGURE ONE THING OUT! I WONDER WHAT OLD "BOOT HILL" SAID TO THE LIEUTENANT THAT DAY!

WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW, SARGE!

LEAVE IT TO "BOOT HILL!" HE PROBABLY THREATENED FLOOD WITH COURT-MARTIAL! HE'S A ***HARD ONE***, THE COLONEL IS!

WHATEVER IT WAS, IT MUSTA MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION ON THE LOOTENANT! HE WENT UP AND FLEW THAT DAY LIKE HE WAS THE ***GRIM REAPER*** HIMSELF!

The End

G.I. Joe IN THE NINETY-DAY WONDER

THE NEW SECOND LIEUTENANT HAS A THANKLESS JOB IN OUR ARMY. FOR UNTIL HE PROVES HIMSELF WORTHY OF THAT GOLD BAR OF LEADERSHIP HE'S IN FOR A LOT OF KIDDING. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SUCH **NINETY-DAY WONDER**. OUR SCENE IS A U.N. REST CAMP. THE ARRIVAL OF JOE AND MULVANEY CREATES QUITE A STIR...

HEY, GUYS, LOOK! JOE AND MULVANEY ARE BACK FROM FURLOUGH!

YEP! SEOUL MUST BE A PRETTY HOT TOWN! JUST LOOK AT 'EM!

HEY, I DON'T SEE LOOTENANT UNDERHILL! HE WENT ON FURLOUGH, TOO, DIDN'T HE, SAM?

YEAH, AND HE DIDN'T COME BACK WITH THEM! LOOKS LIKE A STORY IN THE WIND...

GOSH! DID Y'SEE THEIR FACES?

YEAH! SAM IS RIGHT! THERE SURE IS SOMETHIN' IN THE WIND!

OKAY, FELLAS, HOW WAS THE FURLOUGH? TELL YOUR UNCLE SAMMY ALL ABOUT IT!

IT WAS SWELL, SAM, JUST ***SWELL!*** LEAVE US ALONE.

WHERE'S THE NINETY DAY WONDER? DON'T TELL ME LOVER BOY UNDERHILL JUST COULDN'T TEAR HIMSELF OUT OF SOME SEOLL BABY'S ARMS?

HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE UNDERHILL'S GEAR.

WHAT D'YA SAY GUYS? I NEED A STORY. HAVE YOU GOT ONE FOR ME?

YEAH, SAM, THERE'S A STORY IN IT FOR YOU! I'M THE ***BIGGEST DOPE IN THE WHOLE ARMY***—THAT'S YOUR STORY.

GO AHEAD, SARGE, GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!

IT ALL STARTED WHEN UNDERHILL FIRST CAME TO THE OUTFIT—ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO. WE ALL GOT A BIG CHARGE OUT OF HIM! HERE WAS THIS FRESH-FACED KID STRAIGHT OUT OF O.C.S. IN THE STATES A NINETY-DAY WONDER.

"I REMEMBER THE FIRST DAY I GOT MY BRIGHT IDEA..."

HEY, YOU GUYS! PIPE THE NEW SECOND JOHN OVER THERE! HE'S STUDYING UP ON HOW HE'S GOING TO LEAD US TO *GLORY!* HA! HA!

HOLD IT DOWN! LISTEN! I'M GONNA PLANT THIS IN HIS QUARTERS! MAN, HE'LL BE SORE AS A RUPICON WHEN HE SEES THIS!

BOY, MULVANEY, THAT'LL SURE GIVE HIM A JOLT!

I'LL SNEAK IT INTO HIS TENT TONIGHT! WAIT UNTIL HE COMES AROUND TOMORROW *DEMANDING* I'KNOW WHO PUT IT THERE! BOY OH, BOY!

"BUT THE NEXT DAY..."

HEY, MULVANEY, WHAT HAPPENED? HE NEVER EVEN MENTIONED IT! DIDN'T YUH PUT THE BOOK IN HIS TENT?

YEAH...HE MUSTA FOUND IT, ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S PLAYIN' IT COOL-THAT'S ALL! HE'S JUST A WISE GUY LIKE ALL THEM *NINETY-DAY WONDERS!*

"AND THEN THAT NIGHT..."

WHA-? *LOOTENANT!* WHAT'S UP?

BHHH! GET YOUR GEAR TOGETHER, AND MEET ME OUTSIDE IN FIVE MINUTES, BOTH OF YOU! AND BE *QUIET* ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT, DRIVER! YOU KNOW THE WAY!

OH-OH! I DON'T LIKE THIS!

GHQ! COULD I ASK WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, S.R.?

YOU'LL SEE IN A MOMENT, MULVANEY! FOLLOW ME!

GHQ

"ON A FEW MINUTES WE WERE STANDIN' IN FRONT OF THE OLD MAN HIMSELF... GENERAL 'BREAD-AND-WATER' WATERS. HE DIDN'T KEEP US IN THE DARK LONG..."

AND THAT'S WHAT I MEAN A *SABOTAGE PATROL* INTO RED TERRITORY! WE WANT YOU TO KNOCK OUT THE SU LEONG SUPPLY DUMP! WE COULD BOMB IT, OF COURSE, BUT COMBINED OPS THINKS THIS IS THE BEST WAY!

"THE GENERAL OUTLINED THE WHOLE PLAN. [illegible] JOE AND I WERE TO MAKE THE PATROL. I [illegible]..."

SINCE THIS IS TOP SECRET WORD WILL BE PASSED AROUND THE BASE THAT YOU THREE MEN WENT ON *FURLOUGH!* THAT'S IT! GOOD LUCK

OF JOE AND A *GREEN LOOTENANT!* BOY IF EVER I HEARD OF *SUICIDE*-THIS IS IT!

ALL RIGHT BURCH YOU DRIVE! OUR NEXT MOVE IS NORTH THIRTY MILES TO A RANGER BASE. LET'S GO

THE GENERAL MUST BE NUTS.. PUTTIN' A *NINETY-DAY WONDER* IN CHARGE OF A MISSION LIKE THIS! OH MAN!

"FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS THE RANGERS GAVE US A REAL FAST COURSE IN PARACHUTE JUMPIN' AND INFILTRATION.."

YEAH THAT'S IT! THE STRAPS HAVE TO BE TIGHT SO YOU'LL STAY IN THE HARNESS WHEN THE CHUTE JOLTS OPEN! NOW, ABOUT GUIDING THE SHROUD LINES...

"AND THEN, ALMOST BEFORE WE KNEW IT, WE WERE ON OUR WAY. A MOCK AIR RAID DREW ENEMY ATTENTION TO THE WEST. THEN OUR PLANE SNEAKED OVER..."

BAIL-OUT TIME-THIRTY SECONDS:

ALL RIGHT, MEN, GET SET!

"FOLLOWING OUR ORDERS OUR FIRST STOP WAS JOINING THE GUERRILLA BAND IN THIS SECTOR UNDER THE COMMAND OF COLONEL KIM SUN.

ALL RIGHT COLONEL! TOMORROW NIGHT WELL STAGE A RAID TO GET BACK THE AMERICAN [illegible]

"AFTER THE RAID I FELT A LITTLE DIFFERENT ABOUT THE LOOTENANT! HE SURE HANDLED THAT NEAT."

MULVANEY, GET INTO THAT BOX-CAR AND START UNLOADING RELIEF FAST

RIGHT!

ARRGUNN!

YOU SEEM TKNOW THE COUNTRY AROUND HERE PRETTY WELL, LOOTENANT! HOW COME?

OUGHT TO, SERGEANT! I WAS BORN IN A MISSION ONLY ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM HERE.

SO THAT'S HOW COME YOU WERE PICKED TO LEAD THIS PATROL?

WELL THAT AND MY OSS TRAINING DURING THE LAST WAR. I WAS A DEMOLITION TECHNICIAN, I SUPPOSE I CAN TELL YOU NOW THAT I WAS PICKED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PATROL, AND FOR OUR LITTLE JOB TOMORROW NIGHT!

GEE, AND I THOUGHT-GOSH LOOTENANT! I-I WAS THE GUY WHAT PLANTED THAT BOOK IN YOUR QUARTERS!

WELL, THANKS FOR TELLING ME, MULVANEY! I WONDERED WHO WAS KIND ENOUGH TO DO THAT!

"ANYWAY, THE NEXT NIGHT WE GOT READY FOR THE REAL MCCOY."

COLONEL KIM WILL LEAD US TO A POINT JUST BELOW THE AMMO DUMP! LET'S GO!

HERE'S MY PLAN MEN. A SUPPLY TRAIN SHOULD COME THROUGH SOON AND TAKE ON WATER BEFORE ENTERING THE DUMP! WE'LL HAVE ABOUT TWO MINUTES TO WIRE THIS STUFF ABOARD. THEN WE'LL USE A TIME DETONATOR!, WHEN THE TRAIN ENTERS THE YARD... *POOF!*

JOE, COVER US! MULVANEY, STICK WITH ME!

NOW, I'LL FASTEN ON THE DETONATOR AND TIME FUSE..

"SUDDENLY THE TRAIN BEGAN TO MOVE! I JUMPED.. THEN REALIZED THAT UNDERHILL WAS STILL FIDDLING WITH THE FUSE.."

"THEN A SENTRY SPOTTED HIM, AND THE CHASE WAS ON."

MULVANEY WE GOT TO HELP HIM!

NO, JOE STAY BACK. I DON'T KNOW IF HE HAD TIME TO SET THAT FUSE RIGHT! IF NOT THAT WHOLE TRAIN MIGHT GO SKY-HIGH ANY SECOND!

"JOE AND I WATCHED—AND THERE WAS NOTH'N' WE COULD DO! IF WE RAIDED THEY MIGHT GET WISE THAT STUFF HAD BEEN PLANTED!"

SARGE! THEY'RE TAKN' HIM INTO THAT EMPTY BOX-CAR!

LISTEN! THEY'RE TORTURIN' HIM! HE'S SCREAMIN'! I CAN'T STAND IT! IM GOIN'...

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NO PLACE! HE GAVE STRICT ORDERS BEFORE WE LEFT CAMP! F ANYONE IS CAPTURED...DON'T TRY TO SAVE HIM! THAT AMMO DUMP HAS GOT TO GO—ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DO'N' TO HIM? HOW CAN YOU—

ORDERS IS ORDERS! I HEAR HIM! DON'T YOU THINK I GOT A HEART? THERE'S NOTH'N WE CAN DO, KID...

"SUDDENLY THE TRAIN STARTED TO MOVE AGAIN. THEY WERE TAKIN' HIM INSIDE THE DUMP FOR MORE INTERROGATION. INSIDE THE DUMP WITH ALL THAT DYNAMITE AND A TIME FUSE.."

HE DIDN'T TELL, JOE! THEY TORTURED HIM, AND HE DIDN'T TELL!

THE FUSE! WHAT ABOUT THE FUSE?

CHUG!

CHUG!

CHUG!

"MY ANSWER CAME A MOMENT LATER. THEN I REALIZED WHAT HAD BEEN ABOARD THE TRAIN...JET FUEL!"

YEAH...THE FUSE!

CHUG!

CHUG!

CHUG!

BARROOOOM!

THERE WAS NOTHIN' WE COULD FOR HIM... MOTHIN'!"

SURE, MULVANEY, YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE WASN'T ANYTHING YOU COULD DO! YOU HAD YOUR JOB — AND YOU DID IT!

YEAH, SAM, BUT I CAN'T FORGET HOW I KIDDED A SQUARE GUY LIKE THAT! HE KNEW THAT BLAST WOULD GO OFF ANY MINUTE — AND HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT!

I GOTTA TAKE HIS GEAR TO GRAVES REGISTRATION AND TURN IT IN FOR HIM! THIS *BOOK* WAS HIS ONLY *PERSONAL* ARTICLE!

YEAH — THAT'S ALL HIS WIFE'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER HIM BY — *"THE OFFICER'S GUIDE! A HANDBOOK FOR ARMY OFFICERS!"* THAT'S REAL *SWELL* AIN'T IT?

WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF IT HAD A KIND OF INSCRIPTION IN IT — SORT OF FROM THE MEN! GO AHEAD, SARGE!

To Lieut. B.C. Underhill
Who knows
things they don't
put down in books
From his men,
with respect and
admiration
Baker Company.

GRAVES REGISTRATION

The End.

G.I. Joe

"The Patients Cured the Nurse"

SOMETIMES THE DOCTOR WITH ALL HIS KNOWLEDGE AND SKILLS IS UNABLE TO HEAL THE WOUNDS OF BATTLE-SCARRED SOLDIERS. SOMETIMES THE ONLY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD IS SIMPLY THE SMILE OF A PRETTY GIRL. AT A BASE HOSPITAL, SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH KOREA, THE ARRIVAL OF FIRST LIEUTENANT, TRUDY OWENS, R.N., IS A MOMENTOUS OCCASION IN THE LIVES OF THE PATIENTS!

HERE SHE COMES! BOY! AIN'T SHE A KNOCKOUT?

SHUT UP, AND LET ME LOOK! SHE'S THE FIRST REAL LOOKER I'VE SEEN IN SIX MONTHS!

GUM COMICS

ART

HISTORY of BASEBALL

THIS IS THE WARD YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO, LIEUTENANT OWENS. NOW, IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS.

NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

WHAT A DISH! MAYBE WE ALL DIED, AND WENT TO HEAVEN

WHAT'S THE USE OF GETTIN' OUR HOPES UP? YOU KNOW WHO'S GONNA GET ALL THE ATTENTION AROUND HERE-- JOE BURCH!

YEAH, THOSE NURSES ONLY FOOL AROUND WITH THE PATIENTS WHO *REALLY* NEED THEM!

AND A FRACTURED ANKLE FROM SLIPPING IN THE MUD IS ABOUT AS SERIOUS AN INJURY AS A GUY CAN GET!

I READ IN ONE OF THE PAPERS WHERE THEY'RE CREATIN' A SPECIAL KIND OF CITATION FOR PRIVATE BURCH! *THE ORDER OF THE FRACTURED ANKLE!*

AW, LAY OFF, WILL YUH?

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE-- ENOUGH OF THIS CHATTER! WE'RE UPSETTING THE ANKLE PATIENT!

MEANWHILE, IN CAPTAIN WILKEN'S OFFICE...

THEY'RE A FINE BUNCH OF MEN, LIEUTENANT! IF YOU'D LIKE, TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THEM!

CAPTAIN, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME WITH YOU, I'D AS SOON START MY SHIFT TODAY!

THERE'S NO REAL NEED FOR THAT, LIEUTENANT!

I THINK THERE IS, CAPTAIN! SOME OF THESE MEN UNDOUBTEDLY NEED MORE ATTENTION THAN THEY'RE GETTING! MY BROTHER DIED AT THE FRONT FOR LACK OF PROPER MEDICAL HELP! IF I CAN I MEAN TO SEE TO IT THAT IT HAPPENS TO NO ONE HERE!

AS YOU WISH, LIEUTENANT! BUT WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE FOR THE MEN!

THEN PERHAPS WE SHOULD CONSIDER DOING THE *IMPOSSIBLE* FOR THEM, CAPTAIN!

THAT AFTERNOON IN THE WARD...

IT SURE IS NICE SEEING A PRETTY FACE AGAIN, MA'AM, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO!

I CARE VERY LITTLE ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL OPINION OF ME, SOLDIER! I'M HERE TO DO A JOB, NOT TO WIN A BEAUTY CONTEST!

KOREA

I'M SORRY, MAAM!

WHAT'S EATING HER? MOST WOMEN LIKE TO HEAR THAT THEY'RE PRETTY!

IN THE DAYS AFTER LIEUTENANT OWENS' ARRIVAL, THE MORALE OF THE WARD BEGINS TO DECLINE SHARPLY...

WHAT GOES WITH THE NEW NURSE, CAPTAIN? SHE'S STEPPED ON AN AWFUL LOT OF SENSITIVE TOES SINCE SHE GOT HERE, AND THERE WASN'T NO CALL FOR IT--AS FAR AS I COULD SEE!

MISS OWENS IS HERE FOR A REASON, JOE! HER BROTHER WAS TONY OWENS--MAYBE YOU KNEW HIM!

TONY OWENS? SURE I REMEMBER HIM! HE WAS A DARNED GOOD SOLDIER! AND GOOD FOR A MILLION LAUGHS...IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT SHE COULD HAVE BEEN HIS SISTER! THE WAY THE MORALE OF THE GUYS IS GOING DOWN!

I CAN WELL BELIEVE IT, JOE!

AND MY *OWN* MORALE ISN'T SO HOT RIGHT NOW!

I THINK THE CAPTAIN'S A LITTLE STUCK ON HER!

A FEW DAYS LATER IN CAPTAIN WILKEN'S OFFICE.

SIR, I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO WORK A DOUBLE SHIFT! WE'RE TERRIBLY SHORTHANDED HERE!

IN SITUATIONS LIKE OURS, UNFORTUNATELY WE'LL ALWAYS BE SHORTHANDED! BUT EXCEPT IN EMERGENCIES DOUBLE SHIFTS ARE OUT, LIEUTENANT!

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO DO SOMETHING EXTRA, WHY DON'T YOU BREAK DOWN AND BE A LITTLE NICER TO THE PATIENTS? THEY NEED SOME CONSOLATION ALONG WITH THEIR MEDICINE!

ALL THE CONSOLATION IN THE WORLD WOULDN'T HAVE SAVED MY BROTHER'S LIFE

TRUDY, ARE YOU GOING TO LET THIS DEATH EMBITTER YOU FOREVER? YOU'RE FORGETTING HOW TO BE A HUMAN BEING! I KNEW TONY--HE WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY!

I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR SYMPATHY, CAPTAIN! I CAME HERE TO MAKE A REQUEST! I'M WILLING TO DO AN EXTRA SHIFT!

I HAVE TO REFUSE, LIEUTENANT! AFTER ALL, YOUR WELL-BEING IS MY RESPONSIBILITY, TOO!

AS YOU WISH, SIR!

BACK IN THE WARD, JOE TRIES TO AROUSE A LITTLE INTEREST...

HEY, ANYBODY CARE FOR A LITTLE GAME OF POKER, TODAY?

NOT ME JOE! I DON'T FEEL SO HOT!

ME NEITHER! NOT TODAY, JOE!

SAY, MORGAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT BARITONE VOICE OF YOURS? HOW ABOUT A LITTLE NUMBER?

AW, P PE DOWN, WILL YOU?

NOTHIN'S BEEN RIGHT AROUND HERE SINCE SHE CAME! IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOMETHING TO MAKE HER ACT LIKE A HUMAN BEING!

DAY BY DAY, THE MORALE OF THE WARD GROWS WORSE! OCCASIONALLY A FEW OF THE NEW PATIENTS TRY TO WIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE PRETTY NURSE...

HAVING A BEAUTIFUL NURSE LIKE YOU MAKES IT ALMOST PLEASANT BEING SICK, MA'AM!

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXCHANGE PLEASANTRIES SOLDIER!

WHAT DID I SAY WRONG?

NOTHING, KID--IT'S JUST-WELL, THE LIEUTENANT LOST HER BROTHER OVER HERE! I GUESS THEY WERE AWFUL CLOSE!

THE NEXT DAY AS THE LIEUTENANT IS MAKING HER ROUNDS...

I--I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THESE, MA'AM! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CALL THEM, BLT THEY'RE KINDA PRETTY! PLEASE TAKE THEM!

I--WHY--WHY, THANK YOJ! IT'S VERY KIND OF YOJ!

DID YOJ SEE THAT? SHE ALMOST SMILED FOR A MINUTE!

SURE, SHE DID--YOU GUYS GOT THE LIEUTENANT ALL WRONG! SHE'S A GOOD GUY!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

COULD I SEE YOU A MINUTE, LIEUTENANT? IT'S KINDA IMPORTANT!

WHAT IS IT, PRIVATE BURCH?

I JJST WANTED TO SAY I THOUGHT YOU ACTED AWFUL NICE TO THE KID TODAY! YOU SEE ME--WELL--HE LOST MOST OF HIS BLODDIES AT THE FRONT IN THIS LAST CAMPAIGN!

THEN JJST THE OTHER DAY HE GOT WORD HIS MOTHER PASSED AWAY! BEING BANGED UP THE WAY HE IS... HE COULDN'T EVEN GO HOME!

I--I DIDN'T KNOW!

THE GJYS--WELL, WE'D ALL APPREC ATE IT IF YOU WOULD --OH, JLST SMILE AT HIM, MA'AM! I KNOW IT'D MAKE HIM FEEL AWFUL GOOD!

I SEE! YES--YES, OF COURSE, I WILL, JOE!

THE NEXT FEW DAYS A STRANGE RUMOR CIRCULATES AROUND THE WARD--TO THE EFFECT THAT LIEUTENANT OWENS HAS A VERY NICE SMILE...

MA'AM--I THOUGHT MAYBE YOJ MIGHT L KE TO SEE SOME PICTJRES OF MY FAMILY!

WHY, I--OF COURSE, I'D LIKE TO VERY MJCH!

OKAY, NOW!

♪ FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW... FOR SHE'S A JOLLY ♪

♪ GOOD FELLOW... FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW- ♪

NO- YOU MUSTN'T! PLEASE, I DON'T DESERVE IT!

IT'S A TOUGH WAR, SOLDER, BUT IT'S STILL MIGHTY GOOD TO BE ALIVE!

OHH!

OH- YOU-- YOU'RE ALL SO WONDERFUL!

GEE, LIEUTENANT-- TRUDY-- WE DON'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU CRY!

THERE'S SOME URGENT BUSINESS I HAVE TO SEE YOU ABOUT, LIEUTENANT-- IN MY OFFICE!

Y-YES, SIR!

GEE! THE CAPTAIN ACTS LIKE HE SORT OF LIKES THE LEUTENANT A LOT!

NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT, IS THERE?

NO EXCEPT-- IT'S ALMOST A PLEASURE TO BE SICK THESE DAYS WITH THE LIEUTENANT HERE- AND I DON'T THINK THEY LET NURSES STAY ON IF THEY GET MARRIED!

THE END

THE SCRIBBLER'S FIRST MISSION

PRIVATE BOB YATES felt the hard stare of Sergeant Guptill, boss of "Charlie" Company, boring straight through him. On every side he could feel the equally-cold glances of other members of Charlie Company.

It was all too clear that he was about as popular an arrival as a case of trench foot.

"Headquarters tells me you're assigned to Charlie Company as a scribbler," Guptill said in a cold, metallic voice.

"I'm attached to your company as a combat correspondent," corrected the thin, sickly-looking rookie, returning the friendless stare with one of determination.

"Charlie Company ain't lookin' for publicity!" the sergeant said lifting his helmet from an ammo crate. "We got a reputation of standing on our own. This is no glory outfit, scribbler. Save the newspaper malarkey for somebody else."

Private Yates, for all of his three days in Korea, stiffened at the blast of the combat-hardened sergeant.

"What I write," replied the rookie quietly, "is the concern of Headquarters Public Relations Unit and nobody else. I'm ready to carry my share of the combat load."

Sergeant Guptill pulled a cigarette from his waterproof pack and lit it.

"You'll start pulling your weight for Charlie Company tonight, Yates. I'm sending you out on recon party up Hill 227!"

It was cold up on the heights that faced Hill 227 as Private Yates, along with Corporal Dolan and PFC Reynolds, faced Guptill for instructions.

"Intelligence has got reason to expect a counter-attack by the Reds from over the summit at dawn tomorrow," he was saying in a low, rasping voice. "We're going to beat them to the punch with an uphill push tonight at midnight."

Private Yates swallowed hard as the sergeant continued.

"We want to sound out the ridges for burp-gun nests. Artillery will give you support as soon as you draw fire. Pass the word by walkie-talkie!"

Yates looked at the weary faces of Dolan and Reynolds, who were nodding methodically. His newspaper training told him that these were men who could be trusted to do the dirty work. The lines around their eyes and mouths reflected the experiences gained in a hundred previous missions just like this one.

Bob Yates had been assigned to Public Relations, but he was no greenhorn in the ways of infantry warfare. Ten months on maneuvers in the states before his transfer to Public Relations had beaten into him the ABC's of valley and mountain fighting.

And now as he inched his way up the heavily-wooded heights between Reynolds and Dolan he was putting his training to good use. Even though he moved as stealthily and noiselessly as they did, he could feel their hostility toward him. If things got hot, he was just dead weight as far as they were concerned.

They paused at the shelf indicated as Point X-Ray on the Command Post map, for a final breather.

"Where'd you say you came from?" asked Dolan. There was no enthusiasm in his voice.

"Chicago."

"As far as we're concerned you're still in Chicago," grunted Dolan. "Don't get any ideas of your own about fighting this war. You don't fight with a pencil. Watch us and do like we do, or you're a dead duck."

Bob Yates only nodded, but inwardly he burned at the scorn in Dolan's voice. What could he do to make these old-timers warm up to him?

It was now less than a hundred feet to the top of the ridge. They were inching their way to a point between the two markers where Headquarters Intelligence had indicated that two burp-gun nests were located.

As they halted, Reynolds drew a grenade from his belt, handed it to the rookie and pointed to the upper left-hand target area. He handed another hot egg to Dolan and pointed to he right-hand target. From the heights above they could hear the low Chinese voices muttering. The Reds weren't wise yet.

Yates felt his stomach tighten. He was going to have plenty to scribble about—if he ever lasted out his first assignment—with Charlie Company.

PFC Reynolds had his Browning Automatic Rifle cradled in readiness now as he nodded to his two pitchers.

"Give it to 'em when I count three," he whispered. In an even lower tone he breathed into his walkie-talkie:

"Stand by, High Jinks!"

That was the word for artillery.

As Reynolds counted three, Yates and Dolan, moving as one man, pulled the pins and hurled their messages of death.

Twin eruptions rocked the heights. Flame and sound competed for supremacy where the two burp-gun nests were alleged to be.

At the same instant Reynolds opened up with his BAR, spraying the two locations with a relentless fusillade of bullets.

There was a whoosh of air, and big explosions over the ridge. Artillery was delivering its barrage overhead.

Twice more Yates and Dolan pitched their grenades. Twice more the ridge reverberated. There was no returning gunfire.

Yates reached for his carbine to increase the fusillade, and all at once there was a blinding explosion that spun the rookie halfway around, and knocked him flat on his back. He saw the gun fly out of Reynolds' hands as the other pitched forward. Dolan was clutching at his stomach and moaning

Yates seized the fallen automatic rifle, swung it to his left and opened fire. He heard a cry of pain and then for a moment, there was silence.

He'd guessed right. The Reds had planted a sniper to flank their lookout posts in case of infiltration. One more grenade from this lookout might've finished them.

Suddenly a deadly raking gunfire poured down from the ridge at a new point. They'd shifted gun-points, trying to outguess an Allied raid. He dived quickly behind a ledge, dragging he moaning Dolan behind him. But one look at Reynolds told him the PFC would pour no more volleys for Charlie Company.

Ripping open an aid kit, Yates poured sulfa powder into Dolan's wounds and bandaged them as well as he could.

Another grenade shook the ground nearby. The machine gun fire picked up. New-burp gun nests were springing into action all along the ridge. There must have been a half-dozen spots Headquarters had never heard of.

The Reds were surging out their nests, ready to wipe out the raiding party.

Before he knew what he was doing, the rookie picked up the BAR and charged uphill, firing as fast as the weapon could pour slugs.

He felt stabs of pain in his arm and leg, but he didn't stop . . . not until the charging horde of Reds had been cleaned out.

The Red charge had been broken. But they had to be smashed and driven back before they could regroup. The path must be cleared for that Allied offensive at midnight.

Scurrying back to the ledge where Dolan lay, he grabbed the walkie-talkie once more.

"Okay, High Jinks!" he barked. "Bring the hot stuff down another fifty feet. Just give us thirty seconds to clear out . . ."

He remembered vaguely slinging the limp Dolan over his shoulder, and staggering back down the mountainside. He followed the trail of the stream until he reached the Command Post. In the background the mountain was rocking to the now solid-barrage being laid down by "High Jinks." They had the burp-gun nests zeroed in as per Yates' instructions. That was all he remembered.

When he opened his eyes he was aware of Sergeant Guptill, staring down at him. But there was no cold look in the Sergeant's eyes now.

"You saved the day for Charlie Company, Yates," Guptill was saying. "But where did you ever dream up that one-man offensive? Dolan told me all about it."

Private Bob Yates, no longer a rookie, grinned.

"Newspaper man," he whispered faintly, "used to be a police reporter in Chicago."

THE END

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BUDDIES ...in The ROUT AT SUGAR CREEK

IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF GUYS TO FIGHT A WAR, AND ANY ARMY MAN CAN VOUCH FOR THE TRUTH OF THAT. BUT ONE OUTFIT SEEMS TO HAVE MORE THAN ITS SHARE OF DIVERSIFIED TALENTS. FOR INSTANCE, TAKE THE LOVABLE GUYS OF "BAKER" COMPANY AND THE STORY OF *THE ROUT AT SUGAR CREEK!*

BEHIND THE FRONT LINES IN KOREA WHERE "BAKER" COMPANY IS IN BIVOUAC, PVT. SID ROTHBLATT AND PVT. STANISLAUS SCYSCEWSKEWICH (MORE CONVENIENTLY KNOWN AS "SKI") ARE ATTENDING TO WEAR AND TEAR ON "OLD RELIABLE" — THEIR MACHINE GUN...

HEY, SID, THE FITTING ON THIS COOLANT LUG IS COMIN' LOOSE!

YEAH, SKI, I NOTICED THAT IN THE LAST ACTION! THOSE THREADS ARE NEW... NEED TO BE WORKED IN TIGHT! BETTER DO IT NOW!

AND WHILE THEY WORK, SID, A WRITER OF CHILDREN'S STORIES BEFORE THE WAR, TELLS SKI ONE OF HIS FAVORITE YARNS...

OKAY, SKI, THIS IS ANOTHER ONE I DID FOR THE "SUGAR CREEK STORY-BOOK." IT'S CALLED *"THE ROUT AT SUGAR CREEK!"*

SAY, YOU STARTED TELLIN' ME THAT ONE LAST WEEK! YOU NEVER *DID* FINISH! THE ANIMALS AND THE BIRDS OF SUGAR CREEK FOREST WERE HAVING A WAR! RIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT, SKI! ONE AFTERNOON THE LION CALLED ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS OF THE FOREST TOGETHER...

THE WAR SITUATION IS GETTING VERY GRAVE. THOSE BIRDS AND THEIR LEADER, THE WISE OLD OWL, SEEM TO HAVE US TRAPPED HERE!

"IT SEEMED THAT THE OWL HAD STATIONED THE **HONEYBEES** AS SENTRIES, AND ANY ANIMALS THAT TRIED TO SNEAK FORWARD TO ATTACK THE BIRDS' STRONGHOLD WERE BADLY STUNG..."

IF SOMEONE DOESN'T FIGURE A WAY TO GET PAST THOSE HONEYBEES, THEN I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THE BATTLE!

"BUT SUDDENLY BIG BRUIN THE BEAR HAD AN IDEA.."

SAY! **I'VE GOT IT!** GENERAL LION, YOU GET THE OTHER ANIMALS READY FOR ATTACK... AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PUT A **HONEYBEE IN ITS PLACE!** AFTER ALL, I'VE HAD PLENTY OF **EXPERIENCE** WITH BEES AND HONEY!

"SO THE BEAR GOT HIMSELF A BIG **CIGAR**, LIT IT AND WALKED RIGHT TO WHERE THE BEES WERE..."

POOR, POOR BRUIN BEAR -- WHEN THOSE HONEYBEES REACH HIM...OH, I'M AFRAID TO LOOK!

"BUT THE **HONEYBEES** GOT THE BIG SURPRISE, FOR WHEN THEY RAN INTO THE **CIGAR SMOKE**, IT BLINDED THEM COMPLETELY..."

"AND THE SURPRISE ATTACK WORKED. SOON THE BIRDS WERE ALL CAPTURED..."

COME ON, ANIMALS! IT'S CLEAR NOW! ATTACK!

LOOK! THE ANIMALS ARE UPON US!

WHAT A RIDICULOUS WAY TO FIGHT A WAR! WHO EVER HEARD OF A **BEAR SMOKING A CIGAR?**

HA! HA! HA!

WHEN THE BEAR HEARD THE OWL SAY **THAT** HE ROARED WITH LAUGHTER!

THE BEAR THREW HIS HEAD BACK AND SAID: "HOW SMART CAN THE WISE OLD OWL BE IF HE BELIEVES SOMETHING S ***IMPOSSIBLE*** JUST BECAUSE IT WAS ***NEVER DONE BEFORE?"***

AND FOREVER AFTER THAT THE BEAR WAS KNOWN AS THE "LAUGHING BEAR OF SUGAR CREEK!" RIGHT?

RIGHT YOU ARE! AND THAT'S THE STORY! THAT ALWAYS WAS ONE OF MY FAVORTES!

WHAT A BRAIN ON YOU, SID, I'M NOT JOSHING! I BET YOU'RE THE BEST KID-STORY WRITER IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

LISTEN, SKI, YOU'RE NOT SO BAD YOURSELF! YOU WERE THE ***STAR HALF-BACK*** AT MID-STATE BEFORE THE WAR! ON A FOOTBALL FIELD ***I'D*** BE A TOTAL LOSS!

OH, YEAH? AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'D BET WITH YOUR ***BRAINS*** AT ***QUARTERBACK*** WE COULD HAVE BEEN A ***ROSE BOWL TEAM!*** YOU KNOW MUSCLE AIN'T EVERYTHING ON A GRIDIRON!

YEAH, I COULD JUST PICTURE ME. . A HUNDRED-AND-FORTY POUNDS TRYING TO STOP THOSE BRUISERS!

OKAY BREAK IT UP, BREAK IT UP! WE GOT ORDERS TO MOVE UP AGAIN!

AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, "BAKER" COMPANY IS MANEUVERING INTO POSITION...

OKAY, GUYS, FAN OUT! WE'LL MOVE IN THROUGH THIS WOOD!

LISTEN TO THEM DRY TWIGS CRACK! WE MIGHT AS WELL BE BLOWING BUGLES T'LET THE REDS KNOW WE'RE COMIN'!

WELL, JUST TRY AND CRAWL EASY...

POP SNAP CRACK

THEN, WHERE THE WOOD ENDS...

COME ON, GUYS! THE REDS ARE IN THOSE FOOTHILLS! HIT 'EM! LET'S GO!

AND THE WOODS BECOME ALIVE WITH G.I.'S POURING TOWARD THE ENEMY, GUNS BLAZING...

BAM!

BAM BAM

RAT-A-TAT-T

TAT-TAT-T

CRACK!

BUT SUDDENLY RUSSIAN-BUILT JETS FLASH DOWN, SPEWING DEATH INTO THE G.I. RANKS..

RAT-TA-TA-TATATATATATA

GET BACK, MEN! BACK TO THE WOOD!

CAPTAIN KING CONTACTS GHQ IMMEDIATELY FOR AIR SUPPORT, BUT...

WHAT'S THAT? ALL OUR PLANES ARE TIED UP IN ACTION WEST OF HERE? WELL, THAT'S JUST DANDY!

GUESS THAT MEANS RETREAT AND MORE WAITING, SID!

BUT THE COMMUNIST GENERAL WU HAN, IN THE FOOTHILLS AHEAD, HAS OTHER PLANS FOR "BAKER" COMPANY...

SO THE AMERICANS ARE IN WOODS NOW! ORDER TANKS UP FROM REAR! WE USE *PINCER* MOVEMENT!

CAPTAIN KING! RED TANKS HAVE CIRCLED *BEHIND US!* THEY'RE MOVIN' THROUGH THE WOODS *TOWARD US!*

NOW THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GO IS *STRAIGHT AHEAD* AND ATTACK AGAIN!

YEAH, BUT THEM RED JETS ARE JUST *WAITIN'* FOR US TO POKE OUR NOSES OUT OF THIS WOOD! *WE'RE TRAPPED!*

THIS IS A TOUGH SPOT, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO THINK!

SOMEBODY BETTER COME UP WITH A TOUCHDOWN PLAY SOON, OR SOME PRETTY GOOD PLAYERS ARE GOING TO BE RETIRED FROM THE GAME ... PERMANENTLY!

LISTEN TO THOSE JETS UP THERE! GOT THE RUN OF THE SKY! BUZZIN' AROUND LIKE BEES IN A HONEYPOT...

YEAH... BEES IN A HONEY — HEY! WAIT! CAPTAIN, I GOT AN IDEA! IT'S AN AWFUL LONG CHANCE, BUT IT MIGHT WORK!

...AND THAT'S IT! WHAT DO YOU THINK, SIR?

I THINK IT'S WORTH A TRY, ROTHBLATT! THOSE TANKS ARE ALMOST ON US! SERGEANT, HAVE YOUR MEN SET FIRE TO THIS WOODS!

THE STUPID AMERICANS HAVE SET FIRE TO THE WOODS! THEY CANNOT GET OUT! THEY WILL BURN ALIVE! STOP THE ADVANCE!

BUT THE GI'S HAVE DOUBLED BACK THROUGH THE DENSE SMOKE, AND HAVE SET FIRES ALL AROUND THE HALTED TANKS...

ALL RIGHT, WE GOT BAZOOKAS HERE! GIVE UP, OR ROAST!

NO! DON'T FIRE! WE SURRENDER!

THEN, MANNING THE CAPTURED TANKS THEMSELVES...

OKAY, CAPTAIN, THE FIRES ARE BURNING OUT HERE!

THEN FORWARD TO THE ATTACK! FROM HERE ON IN BAKER COMPANY IS MECHANIZED!

THE TANKS ROLL THROUGH THE BATTLE AREA STILL HIDDEN FROM THE JETS BY THE DENSE SMOKE...

OUR OWN TANKS!? WAIT! NO!—THEY ARE AMERICANS! THEY ARE UPON US! SHOOT!

HERE'S LEAD FOR YOU, REDS!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

BOOM!

BOOM!

I CANNOT SEE THROUGH THE SMOKE! WHAT IS HAPPENING?

LOOK! AMERICAN PLANES!

AND SOON THE G.I.S HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND...

OKAY, MEN, TAKE THE PRISONERS AWAY—THE POSITION IS OURS! THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL IDEA, SID!

BAH! WHAT KIND OF WAY IS THAT TO FIGHT A WAR? WHO EVER HEARD OF SOLDIERS SETTING FIRE TO THEIR OWN POSITION WITH NO MEANS OF ESCAPE?

LISTEN, OLD OWL, YOU AIN'T SO SMART! JUST BECAUSE IT AIN'T BEEN DONE... THAT DON'T MEAN IT CAN'T BE! AM I RIGHT, SID?

THAT'S RIGHT, SKI— A HUNDRED PER CENT!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, YOU MOVE BACK TO THE REST AREA! YOU'VE EARNED IT!

I'M TELLIN' YOU, LAUGHING BEAR, A TOUCHDOWN LIKE THAT WOULD HAVE PUT US RIGHT INTO THE ROSE BOWL!

HA! HA! LIKE I SAID SID—THAT'S MY FAVORITE STORY!

THE END

G.I. Joe in "The Kid's Dream"

WHEN A MAN FACES DEATH DAY AFTER DAY, HE HAS TO BE ABLE TO THINK OF A TOMORROW A LITTLE CLOSER TO HIS HEART'S DESIRE. THESE THOUGHTS AND HOPES OF A FUTURE OF HIS OWN CREATION ARE HIS DREAMS, DAY AND NIGHT. THIS IS THE STORY OF "BAZOOKA" AND HIS DREAM. OUR SCENE IS A U.N. REST CAMP. WE SEE A GROUP OF G.I.'S LISTENING TO A TALE OF HEROISM...

WHY, IN PAST YEAR I KILL OVER FIFTY REDS SINGLE-HANDED!

C'MON, LET'S GET OUTA HERE! HIS STORIES ARE BEGINNING TO GET ON MY NERVES!

YEAH! I'M SICK 'N' TIRED OF HAVIN' 'IM AROUND!

BUT THAT'S NOTHING COMPARE TO WHAT MY BROTHER DO! HE CAPTURE HUNDRED - BESIDES ALL HE KILL!

HEY, BAZOOKA! TIME FOR YOU TO TURN IN!

...F WHO, JOE! I WAS ...NNA TELL ABOUT TIME WE TRAPPED IN ...AND

I SAID TURN IN, BAZOOKA! START MARCHING!

OKAY, JOE! SO LONG, FELLAS! MAYBE TOMORROW NIGHT I TELL YOU MORE ABOUT MY BROTHER!

WHY DIDN'T YA COME SOONER, JOE? HE'S WEARIN' US OUT WITH HIS MALARKY! DON'T KNOW HOW **YOU** PUT UP WITH HIM!

DON'T MIND THEM, BAZOOKA— THEY DON'T REALLY MEAN IT! NOW LISTEN — I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, KID! WE'RE MOVING NORTH AGAIN TOMORROW!

HOT DOGGIE! MAYBE WE FIND MY BROTHER.

I HOPE YOU RE RIGHT, KID-- BUT- DON'T COUNT ON IT! THERE'S A LOT OF MILEAGE BETWEEN HERE AND THE 38th PARALLEL! HE MAY BE FIGHTING RIGHT ON THE BORDER.

I GOTTA FIND HIM, JOE — I JUST GOTTA! KAI-LOO ALL LEFT OF MY FAMILY!

SAY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU — WHAT'S THIS RING YOU WEAR ALL THE TIME?

KAI-LOO GIVE TO ME WHEN I LITTLE BOY! HE GOT ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT!

YOU, JOE, YOU AN AWFUL LOT LIKE KAI-LOO! I THINK YOU ALMOST BRAVE AS HIM! YOU WOULD BE GOOD GUERILLA!

WELL, THANKS, BAZOOKA! I-I GUESS THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT!

BUT YOU GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP NOW, AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU SNEAKING OUT AFTER I'M GONE!

I WON'T, JOE — I PLENTY TIRED NOW!

WELL, IF IT AIN'T THE NURSEMAID! DID YOU GET THE LITTLE PAIN-IN-THE-NECK TO SLEEP? THAT KID GRIPES ME MORE AND MORE EVERY DAY. NO MATTER WHAT A GUY DOES, HIS BROTHER'S DONE IT JUST A LITTLE BETTER.

TAKE IT EASY, SARGE, HE'S A GOOD KID!

YEAH--WELL HE OUGHTA BE GRATEFUL WE LET HIM TAG ALONG! DON'T HE KNOW THE AMERICAN GI IS THE BEST FIGHTING MAN IN THE WORLD?

AH LAY OFF, SARGE! ALL HE'S GOT, LEFT IN THE WORLD ARE HIS DREAMS!

DON'T MIND ME, JOE! I JUST HAD TO GET SOME GRIPES OUT OF MY SYSTEM. GUESS I'LL HIT THE SACK! COMIN' JOE?

SLEEP IS ONE DETAIL I NEVER DUCK, SARGE.

BEFORE DAWN THE NEXT MORNING...

SNEAK ATTACK!

HEY, SARGE -- WAKE UP! THE REDS ARE HERE!

BLAM! BLAM!

SUDDENLY THE SLEEPING CAMP IS AROUSED TO SPLIT-SECOND ACTION AS THE G.I.'S TAKE UP POSITIONS AND OPEN UP ON THEIR ATTACKERS...

THEIR STRATEGY, BASED ON THE ADVANTAGE OF A SNEAK ATTACK, HAVING FAILED, THE REDS FALL BACK IN DISORDERLY RETREAT...

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE ENEMY GUNS ARE SILENCED...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, CEASE FIRE!

HEY! HAS ANYONE SEEN BAZOOKA?

I AIN'T, JOE!

HE DIDN'T SHOW HIS FACE! PROBABLY HIDING IN A CELLAR SOMEWHERE!

NOT THAT KID! HEY, BAZOOKA! BAZOOKA!

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, JOE RUNS THROUGH THE TINY VILLAGE, HIS FEAR MOUNTING WITH EACH PASSING MINUTE...

BAZOOKA, I BEEN-- HEY, KID, YOU'RE HURT!

I'M--OKAY, JOE! HONEST--I AM!

HEY, DOC! DOC! BAZOOKA'S BEEN HIT!

WORD OF BAZOOKA'S INJURY PASSES THROUGH THE CAMP QUICKLY. HALF AN HOUR LATER A GROUP OF ANXIOUS MEN WAIT OUTSIDE THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL...

HOW'S BAZOOKA, DOC? HE'S GONNA LIVE, AIN'T HE?

HE'LL LIVE - BUT WE'VE GOT TO SEND HIM BACK TO THE BASE HOSPITAL TODAY, IF POSSIBLE. HE NEEDS BETTER CARE THAN WE CAN GIVE HIM HERE.

A SHORT TIME LATER, JOE BREAKS THE SAD NEWS TO HIS LITTLE BUDDY

JOE, DON'T LET 'EM SEND ME BACK. I GOTTA MOVE UP WITH THE G.I.'S! I GOTTA, JOE!

KID, YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT THE DOC SAYS! I'M GIVING YOU THE STRAIGHT DOPE--YOU'RE WORSE HIT THAN YOU THINK! BUT LISTEN, BAZOOKA--YOU CAN JOIN US LATER! HONEST!

AND WHILE I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO REJOIN US, I'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOUR BROTHER... IF HE'S ANYWHERE ALONG OUR WAY, I'LL FIND HIM! THAT'S A PROMISE!

I BELIEVE YOU, JOE! HERE, YOU TAKE THIS RING! IT BRING YOU LUCK!

THAT DAY, AS THE TROOPS MOVED NORTHWARD...

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THERE IS LITTLE ENEMY RESISTANCE - AND JOE MAKES TIME TO SEARCH FOR BAZOOKA'S BROTHER...

ASK THEM IF THEY'VE SEEN ANYONE WEARING A RING LIKE THIS.

DON'T YOU EVER GIVE UP, JOE? BAZOOKA'S BROTHER IS MOST LIKELY DEAD!

THERE'S A CHANCE HE AIN'T, SARGE! BESIDES I PROMISED BAZOOKA! GEE, BUT I MISS THAT LITTLE GUY!

IT'S BEEN AWFUL QUIET FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS, JOE! THOSE REDS ARE UP TO SOMETHIN'!

THEY'RE ALWAYS UP TO SOMETHIN'! C'MON, LET'S TRY TO GET SOME SHUT-EYE!

THE LONG KOREAN NIGHT BEGINS, BUT JOE IS UNABLE TO SLEEP...

THAT LITTLE GUY'S COUNTING ON ME -- I CAN'T FAIL HIM!.. HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

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一時!!

MINUTES LATER...

HEY SARGE, SNAP TO IT! THE REDS ARE JUST OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE! THEY'RE PULLING ANOTHER SNEAK ATTACK!

SPREAD THE WORD TO THE GUYS — QUIETLY! I'LL GO WAKE UP THE MAJOR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, TENSE AND READY MEN AWAIT THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN THE COUNTERATTACK...

C'MON SARGE.. LET'S GET OVER IN THE CLUMP OF TREES!

I'M WITH YOU, JOE!

THERE'S ONE HEADING FOR THAT HOUSE! LET'S GET HIM, SARGE!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, KID!

HE'S IN HERE, SOMEWHERE! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, SARGE!

SARGE! LOOK OUT!

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

AIEEEE!

WHERE DID HE COME FROM? BOY! HE SURE DID A GOOD JOB ON THIS RED!

YEAH, SARGE, WE'D HAVE BEEN DONE FOR IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM — **HEY!** LOOK AT THIS!

THIS IS THE SAME RING BAZOOKA GAVE ME! WE FINALLY FOUND KAI-LOO, SARGE!

BAZOOKA WASN'T POURIN' IT ON WHEN HE TOLD US ABOUT HIS BROTHER! KAI-LOO'S A REAL HERO!

LET'S GET BACK TO THE BOYS, JOE! GEE, HOW ARE WE GONNA BREAK THIS TO BAZOOKA?

C'MON, MAYBE THE GUYS CAN THINK OF SOMETHIN'!

... and Kai-Loo died a hero! Although you have lost your brother, you have gained a Big family... 'cause we're all gonna be your big brother from now on.

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Sgt. Weapon
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The YARDBIRDS

MEN, THIS IS THE *SMOOTHEST* JEEP RIDE I'VE EVER TAKEN!

THANKS, SIR! I KNEW WHEN WE GOT THROUGH FIXING THE JEEP, YOU'D FEEL LIKE YOU WERE RIDING ON *AIR!*

DE CARLO AND LAPCK

WHEN THE *YARDBIRDS* TURN HOT RODS AND START TO "IMPROVE" THE JEEP, IT'S AN INVENTOR'S NIGHTMARE AND A PASSENGER'S HEARSE, AS THEY ROCKET AHEAD IN "THE JUMPING JEEP!"

COLONEL FUMES NEEDS A CHAUFFEUR!

I COULD USE ONE, TOO!

PEST, WINDY! THIS IS AN *EASY* DETAIL!

IF THE COLONEL WANTS TO BE *TAKEN FOR A RIDE* -- I'M YOUR MAN!

I NEED SOMEONE TO DRIVE THE COLONEL FROM THE OFFICERS' POOL TO A *WAC* RECEPTION FOR HIM! THE *TWO* OF YOU OUGHT TO EQUAL *ONE* FAIR DRIVER! BRAGG! HICK!

BE CAREFUL! REMEMBER, YOUR PASSENGER IS A COLONEL!

DON'T WORRY, SARGE! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM-- I CAN TAKE OVER HIS JOB!

THERE'S THE COLONEL, WINDY!

WATCH THIS! I'LL PULL UP SO CLOSE, I'LL RUFFLE HIS EAGLE'S FEATHERS!

WINDY, PUT *ON* THE BRAKES!

(GULP!) I DON'T THINK THE MANUFACTURERS PUT *IN* THE BRAKES! I'LL TURN!

CONK!

OH-OH!

SPLASH!

HELP! BLUB! BLUB!

HERE, SIR! HOLD ONTO THIS ROPE! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE BEFORE YOU CAN SAY *COURT-MARTIAL!*

WISH GRUFF COULD SEE US NOW! WE'VE REALLY GOTTA *DRAG* WITH THE COLONEL!

SLOW DOWN!

STOP! HE'S OUT!

OKAY, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO TAKE CHANCES ON HIS SLIPPING BACK IN AGAIN!

SLAM! SMACK! BAM!

THERE, SIR! HIGH AND DRY!

ARE YOU ENEMY AGENTS?

TO THE WAC RECEPTION, S.R.?

LIKE THIS? WHY I LOOKED BETTER AFTER A WEEK IN THE MUD AT ANZIO! TAKE ME TO MY QUARTERS SO I CAN CHANGE!

WE'LL HAVE YOU THERE IN A JIFFY, SIR!

WITH YOU DRIVING, I'LL PROBABLY GET THERE IN AN AMBULANCE! BUT I'M LATE NOW··· *FASTER!*

I'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT, SIR!

FASTER! *FASTER!*

DANGER

HOLY HOWITZERS! *THE TANK OBSTACLE COURSE!*

DON'T WORRY, SIR! IT'S NO OBSTACLE TO ME!

BUMP

JUMP

TANK OBSTACLE COURSE

IS THE COLONEL STILL WITH US?

Y-Y-YES! B-BUT NOT FOR L-L-L-LONG!

RATTLE

THUMP

THIS IS *IT!* TWO WORLD WARS AND I HAVE TO DIE IN A TRAINING CAMP!

BUMP

W-WINDY, TAKE IT EASY--- I FORGOT MY DOG-TAGS!

CRASH

YOU'LL BE AT YOUR QUARTERS IN *NO TIME!*

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

ANYONE WANT TO BUY A *THIN* JEEP!

SCREECH

RIIIP!

HOME!

GONK!

SCREEECH!

AS SOON AS YOU'RE READY, SIR, WE'LL BE WAITING TO DRIVE YOU SOME MORE!

WHITEY, THE COLONEL LIKES *SPEED!* IF WE COULD GET THIS JEEP TO GO *FASTER*, WE'D BE A CINCH TO GET PROMOTED!

IF HE WANTS TO RIDE FASTER, HE CAN STRADDLE ONE OF THOSE ROCKETS THAT ARE BEING LAUNCHED FROM THAT JEEP!

THAT'S IT! WE'LL USE *ROCKETS!*

ROCKETS?

SURE! WE'LL INSTALL THE LAUNCHER ONTO THE JEEP AND TAKE THE WAR HEADS OFF THE ROCKETS! THE ROCKET BLAST WILL MAKE THIS JALLOPY FLY!

LIEUTENANT, COLONEL FUMES SENT US OVER TO ATTACH A ROCKET LAUNCHER TO HIS JEEP! HE WANTS TO RIDE WITH *JET POWER!*

I DON'T GET IT, BUT IF THE COLONEL WANTS IT-- IT MUST BE RIGHT!

SOON...

THAT LOOKS SWELL! WE CAN REACH THE FIRING CORD FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND NO ONE CAN GET HURT SINCE THE WAR HEADS ARE REMOVED!

JUST BE SURE NO ONE DRIVES TOO CLOSE BEHIND YOU... YOU MIGHT *MELT* THEM!

THERE'S THE COLONEL, WINDY!

GOOD LUCK! YOU MAY BE THE FIRST MEN TO REACH MARS!

THAT BLOW MUST HAVE REALLY AFFECTED ME--- I IMAGINE I SEE *ROCKETS* ON THE JEEP!

YOU DO, SIR! YOU WANTED SPEED SIR! WE'LL GET YOU TO THE *WAC* RECEPTION IN A *FLASH!*

HAS ORDINANCE APPROVED OF THIS NEW JEEP?

HAS ORDINANCE APPROVED THE COVERED WAGON YET? THIS IS THE JEEP OF THE FUTURE, SIR! *FIRE ROCKET ONE!*

IT WORKS!

COLONEL FJMES! ABOUT THAT THREE-DAY-PASS WE PUT IN FOR... HOW ABOUT CHANGING IT TO A TWO-WEEK FURLOUGH?

LOOK OUT! I'M TOO YOUNG TO END UP IN ARLINGTON!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! JUST PUT US IN FOR *FLIGHT PAY!*

WOOOSH!

I CAN'T GET OVER THIS! YOU'VE GOTTEN OVER THE WHOLE LINE OF JAMMED VEHICLES! YOU'VE GREAT INITIATIVE MEN!

IF WASHINGTON WANTS US-- WE'RE AVAILABLE!

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS... WE'RE COMING IN FOR A LANDING!

?!

WE GOT HERE IN FIVE SECONDS FLAT... FANTASTIC!

WHAT MAKES IT EVEN MORE FANTASTIC IS THAT WE'RE ONLY PRIVATES!

WAC AREA

BUMP!

BUMP!

'TEN-SHUN!

MEN - ER - WACS, I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE HOW SMART YOU LOOK IN UNIFORM! PROPER DRESS IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF SOLDIERING!

LET'S MOVE OFF AND WAIT FOR HIM! FIRE ROCKET *TWO!*

NO ONE SHOULD BE SEEN *OUT OF THE PROPER UNIFORM!*

YEOW!

WHOOSH

WINDY, I DON'T FEEL SO HOT! LET'S GO!

HA!

HA!

HA!

BRAGG! HICK! COME BACK HERE!

FASTER, WINDY! *FASTER!*

FIRE ALL ROCKETS! I HOPE WE CAN MAKE MARS-- WE'LL BE *SAFER* THERE!

END

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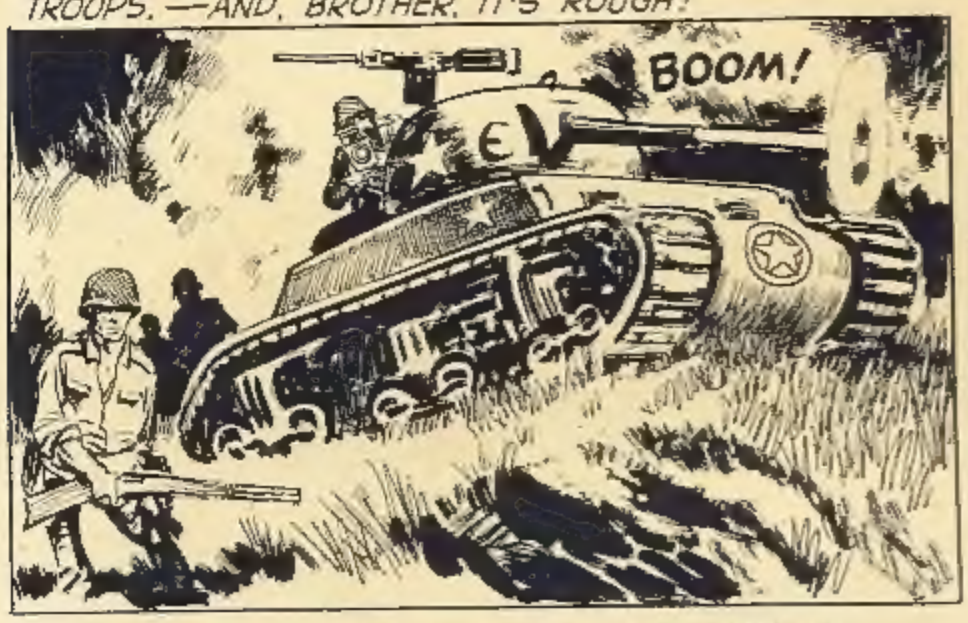
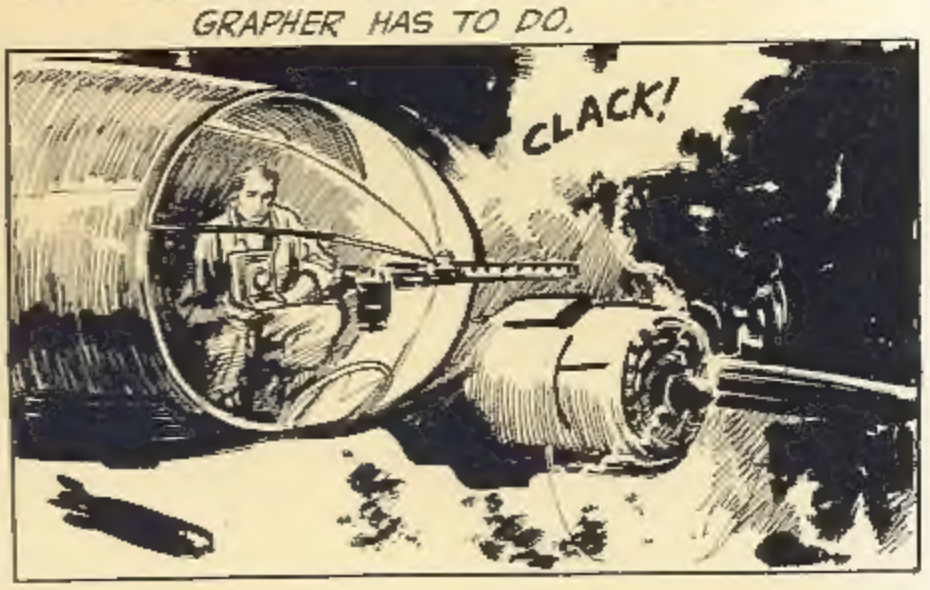
COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER

EVER WONDER HOW THOSE COMBAT ACTION PICTURES ARE MADE, WHAT KIND OF TRAINING AND EQUIPMENT IT TAKES? AND HOW MUCH DANGER IS INVOLVED?

THE COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER GETS RIGHT UP FRONT. A FAVORITE SPOT IS THE REAR DECK OF A RECONNAISSANCE TANK, MILES AHEAD OF THE REST OF THE TROOPS. —AND, BROTHER, IT'S ROUGH!

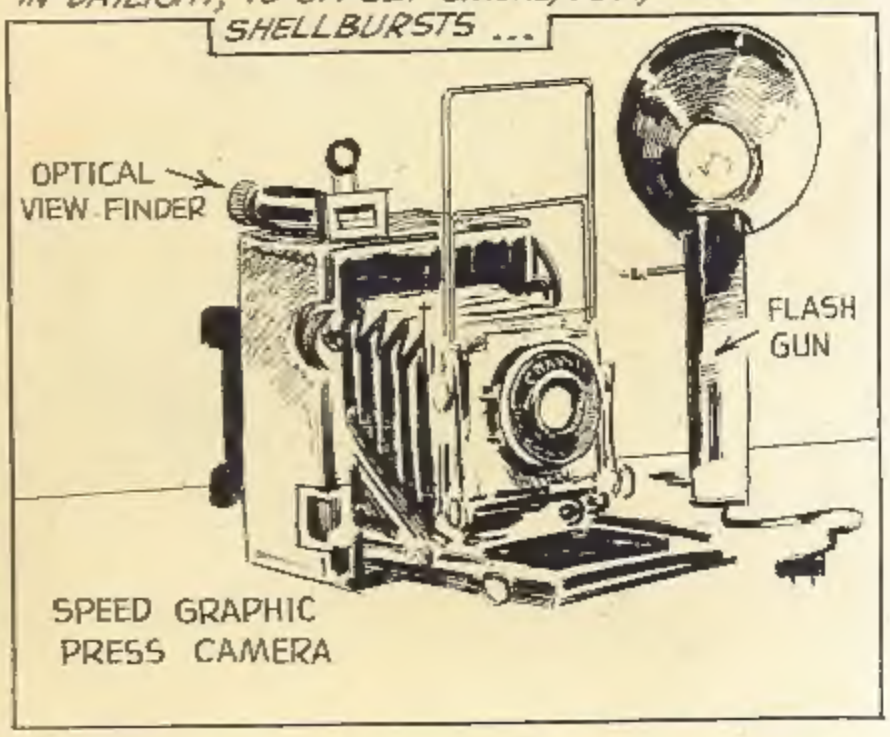


ANOTHER SOURCE OF TERRIFIC ACTION SHOTS IS THE NOSE OF AN ATTACK BOMBER.—JUST TRY TAKING PICTURES FROM A SPEEDING AUTO, AND YOU CAN WELL UNDERSTAND THE JOB THE COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER HAS TO DO.



OF COURSE, TO COVER INFANTRY ATTACKS, "MR. PICTURES" HAS TO HIKE, JUST LIKE ANY G.I. ...

THE COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER'S STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR MOST SHOTS, IS THE 4" BY 5" PRESS CAMERA. HE USES HIGH-POWER FLASH BULBS, EVEN IN DAYLIGHT, TO OFFSET SMOKE, DUST, HAZE AND SHELLBURSTS ...



FOR ASSIGNMENTS WHERE EXTREME MANEUVERABILITY IS ESSENTIAL, OR WHERE A NUMBER OF SHOTS IN RAPID SEQUENCE ARE WANTED, A SMALL 35 MILLIMETER CAMERA IS USED...

YES, THE BATTLE ACTION SHOTS YOU SEE ARE REAL. —AND THE COMBAT PHOTOG WHO TAKES THEM RISKS HIS LIFE EVEN MORE THAN DOES THE AVERAGE G.I., BECAUSE YOU CAN FIRE A RIFLE FROM A FOXHOLE, BUT YOU CAN'T GET MUCH OF A PICTURE FROM ONE! THE COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER IS ONE OF THE MANY UNSUNG HEROES OF MODERN WARFARE!

CRACK REGIMENTS IN KOREA

I'LL TRY, SIR

5TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA

19TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

DUTY

21ST INFANTRY REGIMENT